

The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. VI.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, NOVEMBER 8, 1869.

NO. 34.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS:

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

TERMS:

Free to all. Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

Special Notice.—While we are very ready to send *THE CIRCULAR* to all who apply for it, we do not like to take the responsibility (which has sometimes been imposed upon us) of sending it to those who have not asked for it, and perhaps do not desire it. For this reason, persons should in no case request us to enter the names of their friends on our subscription-list, unless they can give us assurance that such requests have been authorized by the friends named.

SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

[Home-Talk by J. H. N., April, 6, 1868.]

THERE are evidently two methods of acquiring knowledge; one by what is called *scientific discovery*, and the other by *revelation* from the Spirit of Truth: and it is important to settle in our minds what is the true scope and comparative value of each. It is very important in seeking an education, to find out how much we can rely upon scientific discovery, and what available opportunity there is for revelation, so that we may seek knowledge in the right quarter and by the right methods. If we suppose that scientific discovery is the only method, we may be ignoring vast stores of information that might be obtained in another way; and then on the other hand, if we have a foolish, fanatical longing for revelations, that has no rational foundation, our minds are diverted from pursuing after knowledge in the way of scientific discovery. The two methods must be understood in their relative value; they must be harmonized in our minds by the subordination of one to the other according to the true relation between them, if we are to have the benefits of both. There is certainly a possible harmony between them, and in the only way that harmony is ever possible between dualities, by finding out which is the major and which is the minor, and subordinating the minor to the major.

I will state the principles which in my mind settle the true relation between science and revelation. The universe is certainly divisible into two great departments, the outer, material, visible universe, and the inner, spiritual universe; and as I understand it, science, properly so called, has for its field of discovery the outer department, and revelation the inner. I think it can be demonstrated that science, in the usual sense of the word, is excluded from the inner world—that that field is not open to the simple effort of discovery, but is necessarily and naturally the proper domain of revelation.

The argument may be stated thus: A stone, or star, or any subject of inspection that is not vital, or is not a voluntary, intelligent agent, is subject to the various methods of insight that science employs. It cannot resist your attempts at discovery; it is a passive thing; you can look at it on one side and on the other, and bring your telescope and your microscope to bear upon it; it is always accessible, and you are at liberty to experiment and reason about it and make discoveries at your leisure. But a living being is not in that way the passive subject of your inspection—even human beings are not. If your science is directed toward the thoughts and feelings, and inner workings of the soul of a human being, there it has a subject which is not passive, and in order to make discoveries, you will need to get his co-operation. It takes two, as the saying is, to make a bargain in that case. In the case of a dead subject, as a stone or star, you can make your own bargain as to what amount of inspection and investigation you will apply to it, and you will expect results proportioned to the pains you take in the investigation. But in relation to the thoughts and feelings and nature of a living spirit that is free to act and think and speak as well as you, you cannot make discoveries without his consent. He can reveal to you what he pleases, and give you special insight, but it requires voluntary discovery on his part.

This principle is true of all that part of the universe that is vital, intelligent, and superior to ourselves. It is true, in the first place, of God himself. As Paul says, "What man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man that is in him? Even so, the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God." In the nature of things, God has control of his own life and spirit, and is not a passive subject of inspection by science; he can hide himself from all philosophical minds just as far as he chooses, and discover himself according to his own pleasure. It is true of all the great central existences surrounding God—of angels, of Christ, and of Christ's body, the Primitive Church. In general, it is true of the world of life, that it is not a passive subject of science. And I should say of any spiritual sphere—of the spheres, for instance, reported by the rappings, if any of them are passive subjects of science, which men can explore as they would explore unknown regions of the earth or the mysteries of electricity, then they are outward, superficial spheres.

We may run the line here between the inferior and superior divisions of the universe. The inferior is the passive subject of science. The superior is necessarily the keeper of its own secrets, and discovers them only by the mutual agreement of the parties.

We can judge now exactly what science is worth. It can give us some knowledge of the more superficial and least valuable part of the universe, but it cannot open the inner treasures at all; and for the discovery of the deepest things—the knowledge of God and superior existences, which we are chiefly interested to obtain—we need *revelation*, not Bible revelation merely, but actual communication with the Spirit of Truth. The Bible will convey to us some general idea of the nature of angels, but we cannot know much about them except as they are pleased to reveal themselves to us. Superior beings hold the key to the knowledge of themselves, and admit or exclude all inferior beings as they choose. Then to complete the education of mankind, and raise the human mind into the highest sphere of knowledge, it is very apparent that the great promise for the last days must be fulfilled—"In those days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days, of my Spirit." There is the final element of knowledge and education, without which all scientific education is comparatively worthless.

In view of what has been said, I think we can safely take this position: that, in the first place, science cannot help us to any knowledge whatever of the most important part of the universe; and in the second place, it cannot give us anything like complete and sure knowledge even of that part that it has proper relation to. For we cannot really understand the superficial universe, except as we see it in its relations to the spiritual universe, and except as we see it from the interior. Any sure, absolute truth, is and must be, God's perception of facts. Absolute truth, i. e., complete truth, cannot be attained in reference to anything except by the perception of it from God's point of view. It is only in sympathy with his mind that we can thoroughly inspect the nature and relations of even superficial things.

Science needs revelation to perfect itself. With all the swell of self-complacency of this scientific age, it is safe to assert that the obscurities and doubts and perplexities of the

human mind in reference to the superficialities of the universe, increase fully as fast, if not faster, than scientific discovery—that science as it progresses brings to view new problems to be solved, faster than it disposes of old ones. Offsetting the discoveries by the doubts which follow in the train of science, the question might be asked, how much is the world the gainer by its progress?

Then it should be observed farther, that in spite of all pretensions to the contrary, there are dark shadows of doubt over all human science in regard to its most important conclusions and theories. There is a shivering kind of consciousness among scientific men that their theories are liable to mistakes which the light of the day of judgment will discover.

We want then revelation in the first place, in order to have access to the best part of the universe; and secondly, we want it very much in order to perfect the discoveries of science. In the end it will be found that the real value of the world's education in science, lies in the discipline of mind and development of nervous power that has been the result, preparing men to finally receive the revelation of God. That kind of discipline of mind which science gives, in its true subordination to the Spirit promised in the last days, and as a servant of revelation, will be very valuable. The difficulty is, that science has got the world into the habit of supposing that all the subjects of knowledge and discovery are passive. It is a general maxim among scientific men that nature will certainly reward all faithful investigation: the meaning of which is, that we may go to work and investigate subjects, and they will disclose their secrets to us, and are compelled to; no consent on their part is required; our investigations are all that is necessary in order to make discovery to any extent. That may be true philosophy looking downward, but it is not true looking upward, and in that spirit a man will make no headway at all in the knowledge of the most important things. The knowledge of God is not to be pursued in that way. Your attempts in that direction will fail unless you have something more and very different from a spirit of curiosity, which relies for discovery on keen examination. Scientific furor and faithfulness, however successful they may be in the lower spheres, turned toward God and the upper world are presumptuous and futile. So far as science encourages a false spirit of the kind we have described it is a hindrance to true knowledge, and before our education is complete we shall have to free ourselves entirely from that spirit, and pursue knowledge in the ascending direction with moral purposes that will suit those we deal with. The heavenly spheres will not open their secrets to us, or answer our interrogations, except as they can see some good purpose in it. So that the best part of the universe is locked up, and can be seen only by those who want knowledge for good purposes. The universe below us is subject to our inspection; but it is the right

and privilege of superiors to be free from the surveillance of inferiors. We may turn our telescope toward the stars, but not toward God. We shall have to get his consent before we shall be able to inspect him, and that is to be obtained only by *pureness of heart*.

Do not try to investigate heaven and heavenly beings in a scientific way. They are not for inspection in that spirit. In the scientific spirit we are seeking to possess the truth; whereas the TRUTH is a living being, and must ultimately possess us. If we attempt to investigate the nature of heaven and the angels in that selfish, acquisitive spirit which wants to possess the truth, they have no object in gratifying our curiosity, and we shall be sure to be barred out until we come in a more acceptable spirit.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

EVERY man is constituted to be his own best guardian, and the popular principle, "Every man for himself," has more or less truth for its basis, though it is generally perverted in its application. Each individual knows his own wants, and is better qualified than any one else, to make out, so to speak, a bill of the articles demanded by the constitution of his nature.

But having made out his bill, where ought he to present it? For in saying that man should take care of himself, it is not pretended that he has independent resources of his own, and need not look abroad for the supplies of his nature. The common idea is, that he must present his bill of necessities to his fellow-men—to society. One who is put up to take care of himself, naturally looks round to see how others take care of themselves—to see at what counter they present their drafts for payment. And what does he discover? Who is the paying teller? Society with its laws, is the only banking-house he can find men relying upon practically, for meeting their demands. So he enters the arena, taking his chance of gouging and being gouged.

But there is another and a better method for man to take care of himself than this; namely, the Bible method. The principle, "let every one take care of himself," is no where more clearly recognized than in the inspired writings. The burden of the apostolic testimony and teaching was, that man should make out a bill of his wants, and *present it to God*, who alone has resources and capital in abundance to meet every legitimate demand. The very meaning and object of prayer, so often enjoined in the Bible, is that men should take care of themselves, by presenting their demands at the right counter for payment. The exhortation to "pray without ceasing," is equivalent to saying, Make known all your wants to God daily; and when it is said "Be careful for nothing," it is added, "but let your requests be made known unto God." Paul, in acknowledging a gift from the Philippians, says to them, "My God shall supply

all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus." This shows the latitude of prayer—it covers all that a man needs. "Every man for himself," if he will strive in prayer instead of the grab-game.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN A SWEDISH COMMUNITY.

IN the summer of 1856 a foreigner made his appearance in Hopedale Community, Mass. He introduced himself as Nelson Hadeen, a minister, and one of a colony of Swedes located at Bishop Hill, Henry Co., Ill. On the evening of the day of his arrival, he was invited to speak in the chapel of the Community, and state the object of his visit. He gave a brief history of the origin of the Bishop Hill Colony. The members of this colony had fled from Sweden in consequence of persecution, and sought a refuge and home in this country. They bought some land where they are at present located, and after many hardships and some persecution from their neighbors, they had succeeded in establishing a good reputation, and were then enjoying a great deal of prosperity, both temporal and spiritual. The question had been brought up in the colony, as to the feasibility of introducing American ideas with their own, into the plans of government and education; and for the purpose of settling this question it was thought advisable to send out some one of their number to visit the various associations which were in successful operation, and to learn as much about them as was possible in a brief visit. Mr. Hadeen had already visited some of the foreign associations which he had met with on his way here, and it was his purpose to visit the Shakers on his way back. Another object which he had in view, was to invite some American families to take up their residence with them, as in this way his people would become acquainted with our language, and with American manners and customs.

His remarks were made with a straightforward simplicity which captivated many of his hearers and had the effect which he desired, as three entire families, and a father and son of another, finally responded to his invitation and took up their residence among the Swedes. The result of this experiment, as given by an eye-witness, may not be uninteresting.

With my family I took my departure from Hopedale in January 1857, and after a journey of several days arrived at Galva about four miles from Bishop Hill, on the railroad. From here we were conveyed by sleigh, to the colony. We met with a cordial reception from Hadeen and others, and hopes were expressed that the introduction of Americans into their society would prove a move in the right direction. Our American friends who had preceded us, were already engaged in business, and seemed well pleased with their situation.

The colony consisted of about 800 members. They possessed between 8000 and 9000 acres of land, over a third of which was under cultivation. They had two large unitary dwellings, besides a number of small ones; also a meeting house, a hospital, a broom factory, and a brewery; a tavern for the accommodation of strangers, and a store where they kept a supply of goods for their own people, and for sale to

outsiders. The village was laid out on four sides of a square. On the south side of this square stood one of the unitary dwellings, which contained, besides the private rooms of the various families which occupied it, a large school-room. Here the children were taught by an American teacher, to read, spell and write. Their views of education were limited to the idea that if all their people could learn to read the bible, that was sufficient; more than that would be a snare and a temptation to worldliness. A public road ran along the west side, on which was situated the store, two or three brick houses, and the tavern. The hospital occupied the north side. On the east side was the meeting house and another unitary dwelling. The ground floor of this dwelling was used as a dining-room for the members of the colony. Meetings were held in the meeting-house on Sundays, and sometimes during the week. In the commencement of the colony, broom making had been their main dependence.

In one of the brick houses on the west side of the square, a room was assigned to my family, and here my life on the prairies commenced. My window commanded a view of an extended stretch of country, perfectly level, with scarcely a tree in sight. Here was one of the great prairies of the west which I had often wished to see. At first I enjoyed it, it seemed so vast, but it soon became monotonous to me. I missed the rocks and hills of the east. I wondered if my life there would be as unvaried as that landscape. We shall see.

I soon became interested in the people by whom I was surrounded. The simplicity of their manners pleased me. Those with whom I became acquainted seemed thoroughly devoted to their religious principles, which, so far as I could understand, were these: they took the Bible as their rule of faith and practice. They believed in the pentecostal principles of the primitive Christians, and that to be true followers of Christ they must hold their property in common. Their views of marriage were those set forth by Paul in 1 Cor., 7th. Those who were the most spiritual among them and formed the center of the Community, because they had been married previous to the foundation of the Community still maintained that relationship, but in faith and practice believed it was good for a man not to touch a woman. Marriage was not prohibited, but discouraged, as a distraction. Families had their separate apartments, but it was not an uncommon thing for a father and mother, with their daughters or sons, and sometimes a stranger, to occupy the same bed-chamber. The Bible was the household book. I seldom went to visit any one of the families when I did not find some member of it reading this, to them, precious book.

The business operations of the Community were under the control of those most skilled in finances. In a great many branches of business, women worked side by side with the men. The Swedish women were strong and healthy, and capable of performing labor which is commonly assigned to men. They were of middle stature, broad-shouldered and straight, dressed while at work in home-spun woolen and cotton fabrics, cut plain, with a skirt clearing the ankle, had good-sized feet, sometimes clad with stout shoes, and sometimes naked. They had but lit-

tle personal beauty, but their healthy, hearty, and good-natured faces more than made up for what was lacking in this respect. It astonished me to see the vigor they displayed in their work. It was not an uncommon thing when a new house was building to see women carrying the hods of brick. The laundry work was done by them, and the basket of clothes carried from place to place on their heads. They made brooms and worked in the field. They were indefatigable workers in their homes, which were kept scrupulously neat and clean. Notwithstanding their hard work made them appear in some respects masculine, they did not lack in those feminine virtues which make home attractive, and a visit to any of the families insured a kindly welcome. There always stood in the fire-place in their houses a small coffee-pot, containing a strong decoction of the beverage. Of this you were expected to partake, a refusal being considered a breach of hospitality.

I generally took my meals in the tavern a few rods from the house which I occupied. This was in charge of the two daughters of the principal minister. One day, after finishing my breakfast, I stepped into the kitchen to see the girls before going back to my room. I found them cleaning the floor, and the manner of doing it was so new to me that I stopped to look on. The carpet had been taken up, the floor swept, and the process of scrubbing it commenced. The girls with shoes and stockings off, and their dresses tucked between their knees, proceeded to scrub the floor with their feet. Soap, sand and water were thrown upon the floor, then with scrubbing brush or cloth under foot, they contrived, by an indescribable motion of the legs, to go over the whole floor. This process made it clean and white. When it was dry, the carpet instead of being made to cover the whole floor, was laid down in breadths crossing each other at right angles, leaving a square patch of the white floor to be seen between.

The children of the Community seemed bright, happy and healthy. They were generally obedient, and apt to learn; I taught them to sing in English, and found in my intercourse with them an affectionate, docile spirit. On Sunday they met in the chapel before the usual services commenced, and were taught in our language to read the Bible. After the meeting they usually sang, either some Swedish or English song.

The meetings, which were conducted by one of the ministers, of whom there were several, usually lasted two or three hours. The services were similar to the Lutheran form of worship. Their hymns were chanted by the whole congregation, in rather a minor key, which made a mournful impression on me. At their meetings I met the people as a body. They appeared to be earnest and devoted, and as a general thing cheerful and happy, but with that mark of resolute determination in their faces, characteristic of those who live for principles which they stand ready at any time to defend. They had gradually lived down the prejudices of their neighbors, and were quite anxious as far as possible to adapt themselves to the habits of the people with whom they were surrounded. Hence their plan of inviting Americans interested in association to live with them.

This experiment of amalgamation proved a failure, from the fact that the Swedes, though anxious to gain all the advantages which the residence of Americans might give them, were still unwilling to admit Americans into their councils or allow them to have any voice in conducting the affairs of the colony. On the other hand the men among the Americans, very little accustomed to submission, especially to those whom they considered inferior to them, ignored the fact that their first business was to comply with the regulation of the Community, of which, as yet, they were but the guests; and combining together, held meetings of their own, harangued, preached and prayed. As a general thing one or other of the Swedish ministers attended these meetings. Warm words passed between the two parties. The subject of education was one matter in dispute. The Swedes, although to some extent divided in their opinions on this point, were still not prepared to be dictated to by those whom they considered as outsiders. At last the Community decided that they could not have their peace disturbed by these debates, which, far from accomplishing the purpose intended by the residence of Americans among them, were only making a wider breach between them. We were therefore invited to leave them to the management of their own affairs, and after a four months' residence among them, took our departure. Being a woman I took no part in their disputes, and looked with regret on the result of the experiment.

I have always been thankful to those simple, earnest people for one thing. My association with reformers had tended to weaken my faith in the Bible as an inspired book, but the simple earnest faith of these people had gradually taken possession of my mind, and I no longer doubted the teachings of the book which could make so many people of one mind and one heart. My faith in the Bible has never wavered since.

S. L. N.

BUTTER AND CHEESE FACTORIES.

THE Bible speaks of "butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs;" and "cheese of kine," is also mentioned. But Hebrew scholars are of the opinion that the butter spoken of in the Bible was some form of cream, and not that solid substance produced by the modern churn. History informs us that the unctuous compound now known as butter, was first used as a *perfumery*, and as such was highly prized by women of distinction; and Plutarch, relating the story of a certain Spartan lady visiting a Roman dame, says that the former smelt so strongly of sweet ointment and the latter of butter, that neither could endure the other. Cheese, it appears, came into general use long before butter, and to this day, says the American Cyclopaedia, the latter article "is sold by the apothecary as a medicine among the nations of Southern Europe, its place on the table being occupied by vegetable oils."

The progress of civilization, which tends to make luxuries seem necessities, has caused butter and cheese to become as indispensable to the table as bread and potatoes; and the demand for the former articles has generally kept in advance of the supply. But the high prices obtained for dairy products within the last ten years, are mostly due to the introduction of the principles of association, combined with science, in the manufacture of cheese. In a remarkably short period after the establishment of the first cheese-factory in Central New York, a foreign demand for American cheese sprung up, securing to the manufacturers remunerative prices. No better proof of the superiority of factory cheese over that of other cheese, was needed. The first association

of farmers succeeded so well that others followed, and cheese-factories multiplied rapidly in many directions; and as a natural result, an advance in the prices of butter immediately followed.

A word might be said as to the advantages connected with the new method of manufacturing this article, which has produced such a revolution in cheese-making. Before farmers organized themselves in association for the manufacture of cheese, the heavy burdens of isolated dairies were borne almost exclusively by the women; but through the factory system those onerous burdens are shifted entirely to the arms of the stronger sex, as men are employed almost exclusively in doing the heavy work in these large cheese establishments. The women's legislature or parliament should take note of this practical way Providence adopts of equalizing the every-day burdens and cares of the sexes.

Butter factories are already contemplated. Indeed, one or two in this vicinity were organized a year since, and are in successful operation. One of the obstructions encountered in starting a butter factory in a dairy neighborhood, is the difficulty of finding cool, running spring water. Some weeks since we visited a small butter factory located about ten miles north of us, where nearly a thousand lbs. per month were manufactured and shipped direct to the New York market. While we were paying only from forty to forty-five cts. per lb. for butter, the proprietor of this young butter factory obtained fifty-five cts. per lb.; and ten cts. per lb. for Dutch cheese made of the refuse milk, thus securing a very handsome profit on his small investment of capital.

G. C.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1869.

ASSOCIATION.

IT seems to be the law of progress, that the obstructions are proportioned to the beneficence of the object sought. Cheap or questionable blessings may be secured at little cost; but such as mark the progress of the age, and tend to solve the problem of man's redemption, come through labor and travail. "The dweller of the threshold" is on hand to dispute the entrance and to wrestle with whoever presumes to penetrate beyond the boundaries of time-honored institutions and conventionalities. The whole history of the world's progress would seem to confirm this view. Every advanced step taken in religion, in science, in discovery or invention, has called for men of the heroic quality, who would not faint in the day of adversity and trial, to whom obstacles should serve only as fresh incentives to renewed zeal, and unconquerable perseverance. The laying of the first Atlantic telegraph cable is an example fresh in all minds, and the events connected with it which threatened to baffle all that genius could do, with every appliance that science and art could devise. A most disheartening series of failures occurred, that staggered the faith of the whole world. And yet there was at least one man who stood undaunted amid blighted hopes and wrecked fortunes, whose faith was equal to the emergency, and who could inspire others whose hopes and fortunes had been swallowed up again and again in the great abyss, to persevere in the work of uniting the continents. They learned wisdom by every failure, and all know with what signal success their efforts were finally crowned. The laying of ocean cables is now undertaken with the confidence of common enterprises, exciting no wonder.

In the light of the world's progress, may we not draw consolation and hope from the experience of the last thirty years in Associative experiments? If those who still have faith in associative unitary cables, are as ready to profit by the failures and mistakes of the past, as Cyrus Field & Co. were, they need not despair of establishing communication with the realm of harmony and indissoluble brotherhood. To whatever cause we may attribute the failure of the various associative experiments, the ideal and

the aspirations were not mere visions and dreams of a disordered imagination; they had an existence in reality, as substantial as the promised land which the children of Israel were invited to enter, flowing with milk and honey; and the "giants" were no more formidable than those ancient ones that were overcome, and slain so bravely, when the requisite faith and courage had been gained by a forty years' discipline in the wilderness. These things were written for our instruction and admonition; and is it not time to emerge from the wilderness of bondage? Who is the Moses to lead us against the Philistines of selfishness and competition?

THE CARDIFF GIANT.

PEOPLE hereabouts have heard too many marvelous tales about the sea-serpent of Silver Lake to readily believe in this story of a petrified giant ten and one-half feet high, found at Cardiff. Some call the whole affair a swindle, and much good fun and some wretched rhymes have been made, at the expense of the gypsum man, but mostly to the profit of his owners; for still the wonder grows, and still the people flock to see with their own eyes the "calm, grand smile" on the face of stone, careless of that on the face of the man who takes the tickets at the tent door. Such were the conflicting stories and opinions in the case that even the O. C. the other evening allowed its love for facts and truth to overcome its usual quiet and indifference with regard to external excitements, and voted to have a delegation visit the wonder, and bring back a true report.

Two of us were accordingly appointed, and on Wednesday, November 3d, made a trip to the once quiet place where some one has found an image and a fortune at once. We went by railroad to Syracuse, and there hired a livery for a pleasant drive of twelve or thirteen miles up the beautiful Onondaga valley to the farm of Mr. Newell, the finder, which lies just at the foot of the western range of hills, a mile or two west of Cardiff village. People all along the road from Syracuse seemed to know exactly where we were going; some would smile, and one would occasionally sing out at us: "Stone Man," or "Petrified Giant." In fact the excitement of the public mind on the subject, though not now of a dangerous character, is still very lively.

Arrived on the spot, our team was taken in charge by a young man in attendance, and we proceeded at once to the tent which surrounds the resting place of the wonderful image. For it is really a wonder, whatever be its origin. A certain quiet feeling, akin to awe, came over us on first beholding it, and there was no need of further explanation of the public interest it creates. The image is that of a perfectly nude man, lying horizontally on the back, very slightly inclined over towards the right, with the left arm thrown under the body, and the right hand placed palm downwards a little to the left of the lower part of the abdomen. The left leg lies somewhat upon the right, and the toes spread naturally, as if the man had never been troubled with tight boots. The attitude is one that might be assumed in sleeping, although it is considered by some as indicative of bodily pain. The features are noble and impressive, high forehead, Roman nose, large mouth and chin, with a massive neck and chest. The expression of the face is one of perfect repose and calm. All the proportions of the body are harmonious, except that the right hand seemed rather large, even for a man ten and one-half feet in height. But measurements of that would perhaps have shown it not out of proportion.

The image still lies where it was discovered on the 16th of October, about three feet below the level of the ground, the dirt having been dug away for a small space all around it. It rests on a bed of clay. Above the clay there is a stratum of gravel, through which water percolates freely, and which rises nearly to the level of the top of the image. Above the gravel is ordinary silt or alluvial soil. The image lies with its head nearly to the east, and its feet toward the hill, and erosion by water has naturally taken place most on the parts which the

water would first strike in its course through the gravel stratum.

There are still some people who have a firm belief that the image is a petrified human being; but the weight of argument would seem to be almost wholly against such a conclusion. In the first place, it is doubted by scientific men whether any authentic case of real petrification of human flesh has ever been recorded. Secondly, the condition of the image is evidence against its having been petrified in its present position, the under surface of the left part of the body and limbs being scolloped and eroded by the action of water, so that if we could suppose petrification to have occurred where the image lies, the once preservative or petrifying character of the waters must have undergone a change to allow portions of the stone to be dissolved. Thirdly, there are clear marks of stratification in the rock of the image. It is said also that gypsum of this quality is only found in Nova Scotia. Still, beds may exist in the Onondaga Valley which are not now known. Fourthly, a very conclusive evidence against petrification is in the rounded angles where any parts of the image overlap each other. This is not due to the action of time, for it occurs in parts which are evidently only slightly altered from the original shape. An erosion of the surface which would produce such rounding of angles in the over-lapping parts would utterly destroy the finer lines of the muscles, which are surprisingly perfect in those parts which have been protected. This lack of finish in deep angles may have been due to want of time or proper tools on the part of the sculptor, or it may have been designed to give solidity, and increase the massive effect, which it certainly does. No such rounding occurs in the petrifications of wood and small animals which are preserved in museums. A petrification which should be so perfect as to represent the finger nails, would scarcely cause the fingers to adhere to the body upon which they are placed, by a connection wider than themselves. This imperfection is very common in colossal statues, especially those not belonging to the very highest order of art. And, observe, where a sharp definition is necessary to the effect, as for instance, in the mouth, we find it well done. Fifthly, an argument which alone would be powerful, but which combined with the others is overwhelming, the immense size of the image. The chief argument in favor of its being a petrification is the character of its surface, which when examined closely is found to be sprinkled with fine dark spots, which might be supposed to have been the points of insertion of hairs. But from the nature of the rock, which scientific men generally allow to be gypsum, there is no difficulty in accounting for such an appearance of the surface under the supposition that the image is a work of art.

As such a work it is of a higher order than any of the sculptures previously found on this continent. The specimens found in Central America are usually more or less grotesque or fantastic in design, either from the lack of skill or to suit some peculiar fancy of the people; but this statue, whatever may have been the purpose for which it was used, is evidently a careful study of nature, with no attempt at effect (unless it be in size and position), aside from that which is given by a faithful representation of an original. Physicians and connoisseurs say that the position of the muscles, and the accurate fidelity to nature in all parts, indicate that the statue was made in the presence of an actual subject. Professor Boynton thinks, it is intended to represent a corpse in the position taken at death, but the features are free from any expression of pain. What may have been the object of the designer, and how long the statue has been in its present locality, are mysteries which will perhaps never be solved. It is stated that the circumstantial account in a New York journal of its having been made by a crazy Canadian, is acknowledged by the writer to have been a newspaper fabrication. We incline to think that Professor Boynton's theory as to its origin is the most probable, viz: that it is a relic of the operations of French Jesuit missionaries among the Indians, two or three centuries ago. The statue was evidently not intended to

stand erect, but to lie horizontally, although no base for it to rest on has yet been discovered. The body was apparently finished underneath as far as has been examined.

Since writing the above we learn that the statue has been removed to Syracuse. The back of the statue was found to be well preserved. Prof. Hall and Dr. Woolworth were present when it was taken up, and will undoubtedly have a report to make. We shall await further developments with interest.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL. ONEIDA.

—The long-expected, much-talked-of Indian Summer has at length "set in." It made its advent this morning (Nov. 2,) and we hasten to chronicle the welcome event, lest through a little procrastination, it slip from us, and the golden opportunity be lost. Ah! how pleasant is Indian Summer! The children are out *en masse*, romping in its balmy atmosphere, joyous and happy as can be.

—We hope none of the simple folk who read our paper felt aggravated by the piece last week about *V* and *M*, and *MV* and $\frac{1}{2}MV^2$. Not six of the Community that we can find out, got through that piece. Most of us began it, but stopped somewhere in the middle, contented to let the "Ph. B." understand his own philosophy, till our University has carried us farther in the higher mathematics than we have gone yet.

—The *Tribune*, in the list of premiums awarded by the American Institute, has the following mention:

"Oneida Community, ribbons and machine-twist, first medal and diploma."

The first medal and diploma for machine-twist, was also awarded to three other Companies, but no other mention is made of a medal of this class being awarded for ribbons. This is astonishing to us, as we exhibited our ribbons with no expectations of competing with others, but only to show what we had done.

—Wild ducks frequently alight in the W. P. pond now-a-days. Perhaps our domestic Aylesbury ducks act as "decoys" to them; at all events, some of them have come to grief for their temerity, and been bagged by the "Canadian Trapper," who has a "repeating" shot-gun, and a practised eye for game.

—We have still remaining, as the result of some experiments in pisciculture a few years since, a small fish-pond under the bank, a few rods from the house, in which may be seen on fine days a half-dozen or more goodly sized trout sunning their backs, and displaying the speckled beauties of their sides.

—The butternuts have served for weeks to beguile our folks into the open air, and many are the groups, great and small, that have gathered about some waif of a stone under the trees for a "butternut crack." Their brown stain was hardly off from our fingers, before the little sweet-meated, triangular shaped beechnuts began to drop, and at present, the children and their guardians rusticate and fill their pockets under the beech-trees.

—The walls of our composing-room are adorned with pictures, busts, &c., some of which our brothers brought from Europe; but the object which attracts most attention is an English ivy-vine, which some one potted, and placed under one of the windows a year and a half ago. It sent up two branches that twined around each other, and climbed to the ceiling, when they were separated and sent off laterally in opposite directions; since which time they have made a growth of at least sixteen feet respectively, bordering the wall and festooning the window-casings most charmingly. It has recently been transplanted, giving its roots more soil, and room for expansion; a correspondingly vigorous growth has rewarded this attention. With proper encouragement we look to have it encircle the room, "this rare old plant, the ivy-green."

—We have one reason for liking the winter season which others have not; it gives us comparative seclusion. All through the summer and until late in the fall we are a continual spectacle. Strange faces are looking on every-where. Glance off your spooling,

the inquisitive visitor is scaffolding your machine, and the silk-room is full of petticoats. Look up from your proof, the printing-office has been entered by a curious crowd. Paris and New York are in our gardens and lawns. To some visitors no place is sacred from inspection—not our butteries and bed-rooms. We take it all good-naturedly, and get our profit out of it in different ways, but are well pleased with the winter change. For a week scarcely a stranger has been seen within our gates.

Pears.—This fruit has been unusually abundant at the O. C. Near 351 bushels have been harvested. In August came the Bloodgood, Dearborn's Seedling, and Osborn's Summer—just tolerable in quality; then the Bartlett—large, handsome and buttery, never nicer; then lots of Flemish Beauties, which were no beauties at all, not even Dutch beauties, they are so rusty and destitute of color; and after these came barrels and barrels of the Louise Bonne de Jersey, which are really red and yellow, and juicy, and strange to say, very eatable. Some of us, you know, had lived in Connecticut until we had about forgotten that pears were good to eat. Then came the Oswego Beurre, round as apples, vinous, and edible now; then monstrous Duchesse d'Angoulemes, for metropolitan epicures who pay half a dollar for a fancy pear. Last of all, a lot of the Winter Nellis, which must wait till winter before they can be eaten. Pears, indeed, have been plenty, very plenty, at last. Think of all our disappointments from winter-killings, cracking of fruit, fire-blight and what not. The old saw is, "Misfortunes never come singly." Be that so, a sight of our old pear trees bending down with fruit in a year of strawberries, raspberries, peaches, apples and grapes, was enough to make one see that blessings don't go around alone. That isn't their style. Let pears be plenty or scarce, there is not much money in them. To think otherwise, is to indulge in an illusion of the imagination when fired up by a little delicious eating. They are good to eat though. To properly enjoy a pear, it should be pared with a knife or a pair of shears.

—First in order the *heart*, the place where we worship God and have fellowship with one another, represented in the head by the coronal region, and in architecture by the Chapel. Second in order the mind, represented in the head by the frontal region, and in architecture by the Seminary. Third in order the domestic affections, represented in the head by philoprogenitiveness and the organs clustering around it, and in architecture by the Nursery. Fourth in order, the physical nature, represented in the head by what are called the propensities, especially alimentiveness, and in architecture by the Eating-house. Chapel, Seminary, Nursery, Eating-house—it has just occurred to us that this is the order in which our Phalanstery is developing itself. Our first brick building, which may be considered the beginning of a Phalanstery, was erected in 1861, and that includes a Hall or meeting-room which is all we shall want in size and elegance when our architectural arrangements are complete. Strangers have thought it very luxurious compared with any other room we have. Then last summer we built a Seminary with lecture and recitation-rooms, laboratory, &c., to match the liberality of the Hall: and now a children's house or Nursery is going up which will match them both in dimensions and completeness. Our kitchen and dining-room are the same now that they were twenty years ago, far behind every thing else; but the coming year it is projected to build an other wing with model *cuisine* and dining-room. This order was not fore-planned, but as our buildings grow they are governed by and express our principle of life.

—The water-spouts of the ocean, what strange, mysterious things! We can scarcely believe, when we read about them. But once in a while we see a whirlwind on a small scale on land, which illustrates the phenomena of water-spouts and makes them seem possible. I happened to see such an one the other day, while V. and I were walking between Willow Place and O. C. It was the first day of our Indian summer. The air was perfectly still. The first we noticed of the whirlwind was a com-

motion in the top of a tall tree. The leaves which could be loosened were sucked up to a great height, whirling rapidly round and round. Leaving the tree, the whirlwind slowly crossed the road, ahead of us, playing the same tricks with the dust and straws. Its forward movement was quite slow, and several times it paused and remained in nearly the same place for several minutes. It kept close down on the ground and picked up anything which was light enough for it to move. When we approached it, we ran up and finding the center by the movement of leaves and grass on the ground, entered it. What a bluster! One would think March with all his winds had come again. Up go our coat-tails over our heads, and we are buffeted on all sides. What a suction upward! Now the whirlwind moves slowly along and leaves us standing in the silent, smiling noon of the Indian summer. When we left, it had gained the barn-yard where it found abundant material for its play, and was going on as vigorous as ever. Such a whirlwind, more powerful, perhaps, if passing over the ocean might produce a water-spout.

—Our upper sitting-room was the scene of an interesting tableau and colloquy yesterday. A dark, venerable looking man occupied an arm-chair. His form was spare, well knit and erect, and yet he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the ease and gentle rock of his cushioned chair. As I approached him his tawny skin, high cheek bones, and straight hair slightly streaked with gray, proclaimed his race. Some one whispered, "That is Daniel Bread, Chief of the Green Bay Oneidas." Opposite him sat his host and old friend Sewell Newhouse; a name that thirty years ago was almost "a household word" among the ancient lords of the Oneida valley—a name now familiar to all who have heard of the Oneida Community's celebrated trap. On the left of Daniel Bread sat our phonographic reporter, D. J. B., with his note-book and pencil; his fair skin, bushy locks and Caucasian features, finely contrasting with the well-marked Indian characteristics of the old chief. The three conversed together more than an hour. The chief speaks English brokenly—but is said to be a splendid orator when speaking his own tongue. His countenance has the gravity and impassibility which tradition ascribes to the Indian, but also a reflective and benevolent look that commands respect and confidence. During the hour's conversation his small dark eyes looked straight before him, not seeming to notice persons or things in the room, or scarcely to glance even at his companions. This is an Indian trait; but his shrewd remarks, love of jokes, and dry short laugh indicate that underneath his Indian gravity and inflexibility is a social and friendly disposition. In dress, and many of his habits, he shows that he has mingled much with white men. Once during the talk when our reporter failed to catch the exact pronunciation of a name, he drew from his pocket a pair of spectacles and wrote out the word in a fair hand. He has been often in Washington as the representative of his tribe, and does not fail to make an impression on the men in power there. At the end of an hour Mr. Newhouse, who manifested almost a paternal interest in the welfare of the chief and his distant tribe, took him down to our dining-room. There the red man of the forest partook of a friendly meal with a hundred pale-faces. He soon after left, promising to make us another visit before he went to Washington.

Following the advice of this sagacious chief, the Oneidas at Green Bay have petitioned the authorities at Washington for admission as citizens of the United States. He is now waiting for news from his friends at Washington before going on there to enforce their plea. He seems to have confidence in the integrity of the administration. It is hard to see how the recognition of their right to citizenship can be denied a people who helped America to fight and win the battles of the Revolution. We learn from the Chief that the Oneidas at Green Bay are increasing in numbers, but not improving morally and materially. They now number over 1,100. The churches and schools are well at-

tended, but idleness and drunkenness still retard the good work. Their vicious white neighbors lure them to drink, in order the better to swindle them. They own 65,000 acres of land, which is held as common property, and their chief reliance for support is on the money made by selling timber. Their best pine forests have already been cut away, and those who have foresight are growing anxious for the future. They have a moderate number of horses, cows, sheep and hogs, and do more or less at farming; but the winters are very cold and the summers short. Spring wheat does very well, but corn is the favorite food of the red man. Frosts frequently kill the corn in August: in fact only one crop has ripened in four years. In view of these discouraging facts, they are seriously considering the question of removal to a warmer locality, though nothing as yet has been decided upon. The Chief thinks they have too much land: if they had less in a warmer climate, and relied upon its cultivation for subsistence, they would outgrow the present evils and become useful members of society. He considered it childish to longer cling to their old government in the midst of this great republic. Make a citizen of the Indian, let him vote, pay taxes, obey the laws of the land and feel that he is a man!

—Our aboriginal neighbors look upon the growth and prosperity of the O. C. with much complacency, attributing it, it is said, to the fact that our lines have fallen to us in the goodly places they so recently possessed, and adjacent to their present lands, so that we, in common with themselves, enjoy the smiles of the Great Spirit.

WALLINGFORD.

—W. C. is talking of a course of lectures this winter, in which "woman's rights" on the platform, will be fully recognized.

Evening Meeting.—N.—As things go in the world, there is no such thing as a permanent home. A man has a home till he becomes of age, when he breaks up his connection with his parents and goes and makes himself a home. There is a continual succession of homes—a permanent home is not to be thought of. The succession, so far as persons are concerned and their status and relation to each other, is like this: Families begin with children being in subjection to their parents, and things gradually go along till by and by the children rise to a level with their parents, and then get beyond them, and the parents come to be in subjection to their children if they live together. That is the same principle that governs in the barn-yard. The old roosters and hens have their chickens, and take care of them, but by and by the young roosters begin to crow and strut and to feel their importance, and after a while they try a little fighting with the old roosters. They are badly whipped at first, but finally get so that they can stand up and fight it out, and at last whip the old roosters. That thing is going on over and over again in families in the world. Now the Community is attempting to stop all that and start a home on a new principle. It is attempting to start a permanent home such as we believe heaven is, one in which as we pass on we do not change our relations to each other in that way. The question is, Can we do it? It is certain that God, the Eternal, does not change his relations to his family. Christ and the Primitive Church have a permanent status. Home with them is a different thing from what we find in the barn-yard. The question is: can we establish a home such as they have in heaven, instead of such an one as we find in the barn-yard? I think it can be done. Hans Breitmann solves the infinite as "one eternal spree." I solve the infinite as one eternal home.

THE British Museum has lately received the fossil remains of a flying dragon, measuring upwards of four feet from tip to tip of the expanded wings. The bones of the head, wings, legs, tail, and great part of the trunk, with the ribs, blade bones, and collar bones, are imbedded in dark lias shale from Lyme Regis, on the Dorsetshire coast. The head is large in proportion to the trunk, and the tail is as long as the rest of the body; it is extended in a

straight, stiff line, the vertebral bones being surrounded and bound together by bundles of fine long needle-shaped bones; it is supposed to have served to keep outstretched, or to sustain, a large expanse of the flying membrane or parachute which extended from the tips of the wings to the feet, and spread along the space between the hind-limbs and tail, after the fashion of certain bats. The first indication of this monster was described by Buckland, in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," and is referred to in his "Bridgewater Treatise," under the name of *Pterodactylus macronyx*. The subsequently acquired head and tail give characters of the teeth and other parts, which establish a distinct generic form in the extinct family of flying reptiles.

—The World.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Plattsburg, Mo., Oct. 21, 1869.

DEAR COMMUNITY:—I hope my writing to you again already is no transgression on your patience, "but when the heart is full, the mouth runneth over." A free exchange of thoughts and experiences is, I suppose, the best means of getting acquainted, when distance otherwise does not permit it. THE CIRCULAR comes regularly every Saturday evening, a welcome messenger from "home" to cheer the lonely pilgrim in the wilderness of the world; and its contents are to me more pleasing than the finely-turned-and-twisted sermons of the so-called Christian churches, because I believe what it teaches is the truth.

I have sometimes had disputes with those who know my adherence to the doctrines of perfection and Communism as practised by you. Whether you approve of the definition of terms, and explanation of doctrines, I do not know, but make them subject to your criticism. I have maintained that the Christian, who has once confessed Christ in the heart to be the motive of all his action, must necessarily become subject to a perfecting power. Until we become firmly established in this union with the Father, through Christ, falling from grace is possible. When the connection is firmly established, then only holiness, perfection, sanctification takes place, and no power on earth or heaven can separate us any more from the love of God. Thus acknowledging Jesus Christ the lord and master in our hearts, and we only his instruments, self-righteousness and the merits of works fall to the ground as means of salvation, because thus we cannot work righteousness without Christ who worketh the same in us.

My favorite maxim is: "Knowledge is power;" but the right application of this power is wisdom, otherwise it is foolishness. Belief in Christ is one thing, very broad in meaning; but confessing Christ a present Savior in our heart, and king and master over it, is more direct and to the point. If Christ dwells in us, the devil cannot share his domain. As Christ is the enemy of sin, so Satan is the source and cause of it. Either of these may rule our hearts. Our outward acts show who moves in us. Whom we serve, he is our master. If Christ is the life in us, we show it by the fruits of our actions: if the devil dwell in us, wickedness is the result. To know Christ to be a Savior of mankind, signifies nothing. To know him to be our *Savior from sin in this life*, signifies every thing promised to us in God's holy word, because it is practical salvation and wisdom in deed; while the former is mere knowledge, with the power of accepting help, but without the wisdom of applying that power, which Christ described as folly. "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man," etc.

May God bless you all for your great efforts, and for leading your friends by your example to the glorious rest prepared for the people of God.

Yours with Christian affection,

J. G. P.

Claremont, N. H., Oct. 28, 1869.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Having been a constant reader of THE CIRCULAR for some time, my mind has become enlightened in regard to the true teachings of Christ, and every day my heart says, "Surely the blessings

from heaven are showered down in your midst;" and then my soul goes forth with an eager longing to be numbered among you. Although I am persecuted here in the church of my choice, for advocating the principles of your Community, I can not but think that I am advocating the right; therefore my heart says—Dare to do right! dare to be true! I feel a burning desire to learn more of the way of salvation, and of that something that happifies the soul which I believe you possess, and I do not.

C. E. C.

Toledo, O., Oct. 31, 1869.

DEAR FRIENDS: * * * I am fully convinced that Jesus Christ is the embodiment of all that is pure and good, and the best representative of the character I wish to imitate. I therefore pray him to take possession of my heart, and help me to be like himself. I confess Christ in me a perfect Savior from all sin, and shall hereafter endeavor to be governed daily by his spirit.

Yours for victory, W. A. H.

AMONG THE AUTOCHTHONS AGAIN.

A FRIEND, desirous of information on several points, which could be gathered only from some of our dark-skinned neighbors, asked me to call on the D— family for the purpose of obtaining it. Accordingly, one pleasant afternoon found Mr. W., together with K. and myself, in readiness to make the visit. We knew that the man whom we were going to see had been lame since early spring, from an injury caused by a mis-step. Knowing also that both he and his wife were old and lived alone, we thought it might not be amiss to carry a few of the simpler necessities of life; so we put a loaf of bread, a pound or two of sugar, some apples, pears, &c., in a basket, under the carriage-seat, with which to gladden the hearts of this aged couple.

A short drive brought us to the sought-for dwelling, no other than a rude log cabin, so small that we exclaimed, "Can it be that people live here?" Prince being secured to the upper rail of the doorway fence, we followed the lead of Mr. W., entered the yard and approached the house. Obeying the rather tremulous "Come in," which was heard in response to Mr. W.'s resolute knock, we pushed open the rough board door, which resisted us by rubbing against the still rougher boards of the floor. We knew that the D's were not rich; we had not expected to find elegance and neatness; but we were not prepared for what we did find: one room, so low, so dark, so squalid, so huddled; every object speaking as plainly as words, and far more emphatically, of poverty and want. The old woman rose with considerable apparent difficulty, placed chairs and bade us be seated. One hasty glance showed us (we mention the articles in order as they were arranged), a rude flight of stairs consisting simply of treads supported on two planks notched to receive them, a table, a lounge, a cupboard, a wood-box, a row of shelves and an old barrel, each piece touching the next, and the whole extending the entire distance round the room. The stove and the chairs we occupied filled the center, leaving no space unused.

Mr. W. deposited the basket on the table, saying we had some business that way and stopped to see if they were comfortable; then added, "We did n't know but you might be in need of something and so brought a few things along with us," at the same time beckoning me to lay out the articles on the table. I began to do so, when they both exclaimed, their voices almost choked by sobs, "Oh! bless you! Bless you a hundred times!" Then the old woman continued brokenly, "Oh! we can't thank you enough. We had almost thought we had n't got no friends. The Lord must have sent you here; we did n't have no bread in the house, and had jest bin sayin' we didn't know what we should do, when you come." Touched by the gratitude they expressed, we hastened to turn their attention from the subject by stating that we wished some information from them, and begged them to permit us to make some inquiries. The old man very heartily responded that he would most willingly impart to us

any knowledge which he possessed. Then he kindly listened to and answered our many questions, and related many stories and incidents of the days when his people owned the land about here, and in their system of government and habits of life but slightly resembled the remnant of the tribe now left. Our questions seemed to wake in him memories of long-forgotten scenes, and as he rested his chin upon both hands, grasping his crutch for support, his dark face became meditative, and the expression of his once handsome and still keen black eyes was far-off and dreamy.

He told us he remembered when the Five Nations held their councils on the rise of ground now occupied by our neighbor H's strawberry patch. Here they sacrificed the white dog as a peace-offering to the Great Spirit; and here too they assembled for the distribution of the annuity paid them by our government. It was on such an occasion that their great chief Sconondoa by an accident lost one eye. Mr. D. told the story as follows: "It was when we had all come to receive the money. I remember there was a door laid on the ground, covered with a blanket, and the silver was poured in the center and Sconondoa counted out the tens—a ten for the Mohawks, a ten for the Oneidas, and so on for the five different tribes, now all one. He started to run for something in the house, and there was a butter-nut tree, a limb of which was broken and hanging down; he thought he could run under the piece, but it struck him in the eye and put it out." Afterward, speaking of this chief—in what high esteem he was held by them—he said, "Great, good man: very great, very wise: loved much."

In reply to a question as to the number of totems (or families) the Oneidas had, the old man said, "There were but three I think of now; the Wolf, the Bear and the Turtle, (pronouncing this last as if spelled t-o-r-t-l-e). And yet there was another"—but he tried in vain to think of the correct English word to express it, and many times repeated it in his native tongue, which we as vainly tried to catch. Said he, "I am a Turtle, uncle B. is a Bear, and D. S. is a Wolf. A wolf must never marry a wolf; a bear must never marry a bear; wolves may marry bears or turtles always—all they mind to—but two turtles *never!*" Again he sought for the word he so much wanted to think of; and how we strove to get the pronunciation of the word he so many times slowly and distinctly enunciated. But alas! we could not give those gliding, undulatory sounds, that flowed from his lips so smooth, soft, rippling and musical. We had become so much interested in these and many other stories that we had taken no notice of the flight of time until the waning daylight warned us that we must turn our faces homeward.

IMPROVEMENT OF MEADOWS.

NOW that the farming season is in a measure closed, it is a good time, perhaps, for farmers to cast about and see by what means they can improve their meadow lands. Farmers should not be satisfied with a mowing that yields only a ton of hay to the acre, when a little outlay in labor and manure at this season, would enable them another year to cut twice that quantity from the same amount of land. For the purpose of encouraging any effort that may be made in this direction, I will state two experiments made on the Community domain within the past two years.

The first in order was an experiment on a portion of a cedar-swamp meadow, that had several years previously been cleared of stumps and roots, and thoroughly drained. The meadow contains twelve or fifteen acres, and the soil is composed principally of swamp muck, from one to five feet in depth. Although the land had been subdued, and some parts of it seeded two or three times, the grass soon failed, especially

on parts where the muck was deepest, being displaced by a growth of swamp vines and weeds. On considering in what way the land could be improved, it was suggested that a top-dressing of sand and loam would be beneficial; the land being made up of vegetable matter to a considerable depth, it needed an admixture of a soil containing silica, &c. Accordingly, late in the fall of 1867, after the ground had become frozen, the work was commenced by carting sandy loam from a knoll near by, and covering a plot of an acre or more (where the grass was nearly gone) to the depth of three or four inches. The next spring, the ground was thoroughly harrowed, and seeded to herd's-grass and red-top. Being absent, I did not have an opportunity of witnessing the result until the present season, at the time of cutting (July 1869), when on the piece thus dressed, the timothy and red-top stood nearly waist high, and it was judged would yield at the rate of two tons or more to the acre; and a permanent turf seemed to have been secured.

Last fall, we tried another experiment on a piece of upland mowing, of ten or twelve acres, on which the grass seemed to be so nearly run out, that breaking was thought to be the only remedy. But having already as much land under the plow as was desirable, it was decided to try top-dressing. Accordingly, at about this season of the year (October), the entire surface of the piece was liberally dressed with a compost of cow-manure and swamp muck, that had been prepared during the summer. The result proved satisfactory. We this year cut our best and heaviest grass from this piece of mowing.

The success in these experiments has been the means of prompting us to do more in this direction. Accordingly a still larger piece of meadow land has already been dressed this season. On lands that are much sloping and liable to wash, it might be well to defer the operation of top-dressing until spring. But on comparatively level land, we think fall the best time. Also land that is intended for spring crops, should, if possible, be manured in the fall or during winter.

H. T.

CHILLS AND FEVER.

A witty clergyman, who evidently has had the ague, and been jolly over it, writes to the *Independent* in defense of this "phase of country life;" deprecating the strong prejudice that has somehow risen against it in the public mind, "as though nothing could be said in its favor." We extract the following from his article, which we recommend, especially to those who may have experienced this "phase" of life, as cheerful reading:

When the ague fit is coming on, you begin without any apparent reason to feel very tired, awfully tired. You become seriously aware that you have a great many bones, and are convinced that your limbs have a great superfluity of ossification. You begin to yawn till any chicken with the gapes would think you were caricaturing the diseases of the barnyard. You stretch, without any seeming idea as to what you are putting out your hands for. You button up one button of your coat. You walk round the house, and then fasten two buttons. You walk up stairs, and fasten all the buttons. You lie down on the clean white spread, boots and all. Your wife, after criticising your taste in going to bed with boots on, puts on you all the blankets she can find; and you shout, "More cover!" She hunts up all the shawls, and piles them up in a woolen pyramid. She gets out two or three old dresses, and puts them on; and you cry, "Give us more cover!" Considerably frightened, she lays on the top of the pile her best dresses. She puts on the top of this the children's clothes, and then gives solidity to the mass by adding two pillows; and through your chatter-

ing teeth you exclaim, "More cover!" You feel that you are making the Arctic expedition in search of John Franklin, and that the friendly Esquimaux are rubbing you down with a couple of small icebergs. Your tongue is a hailstone and your nose an icicle.

By this time the stomach becomes like the Stock Exchange, with all the breakfasts you ever ate trying each to bid the highest, after a while throwing all the securities flat on the market. You save a thousand dollars by getting sea-sick without the experiences and perils of an ocean expedition. You feel as if you must have swallowed something that was going toward Tarahish, when it ought to have been going toward Nineveh. You wonder what has got into you; and make up your mind that it must be more Esquimaux riding up and down behind ten dogs fastened to sledges.

Suddenly the climate changes from Arctic to Torrid. Your wife lifts the two pillows; but still you are too hot, and your wife takes off the layer of children's clothes. But by this time you are like a buried Titan, and away fly off from your struggling limbs the tertiary, cretaceous, carboniferous, and calciferous strata of old dresses and new dresses, shawls and blankets. You wonder why a big blanket is called "a comfortable." You want air. You want fans. You have an oven in your head, three cooking-stoves under your diaphragm; and if one earns bread by the sweat of his brow you have shed enough perspiration to buy out several bakeries. You chew ice, and squeeze lemons, and dramatize the ague; and then lie four hours in silence, meditating on the pleasures of life in the country, with a fine river prospect.

The ague is not at all disquieting after you get sufficiently used to it, and we have no patience with those plain, matter-of-fact people who can see no poetry in it. They have no appreciation of any great physical enterprise. They run for quinine, or Deshler's pills, or India Chologogue, to get rid of that about which many have wondered but died without the sight.

It may be a recommendation for this physical luxury to those who like permanency and fixedness, that this is not like many of the acquisitions of earth, transitory and evanescent. Once get it, and you need have no fear of losing it. It is like the widow's cruise of oil—it never fails. We knew a Western pastor who had it for fifteen years, and we saw him sitting in ecclesiastical council one day taking a chill as naturally as the Heidelberg Catechism. He looked as if he were gnashing his teeth at heterodoxy; but he was only chattering because he was chilly.

One of the grand moral arguments in favor of the ague is the fact that it clothes one with the exquisite grace of humility. Nothing like the shakes to make a man abhor himself. He would be willing to sell himself for a low price, and take his pay in parsley and onions. He sinks in his own estimation, till in the comparison he considers the mouse to be a very noble animal, and sits down on the porch, not wanting to be spoken to, and hurls a brick at the cat for making fun of him.

Another thing in favor of this institution is that when you have it you are insured for the time being against any disease. We should like to see a man try to get the croup, or the mumps at the time this is on him. It monopolizes a man's entire attention. He has no time for anything else. He shakes off every thing irrelevant. Who will say that this concentration of a man's attention on one thing is not a valuable mental discipline? He can think of nothing else. It is equal in this respect to a regular course of mathematics. Indeed, the mere matter of counting the shakes gives him a sum in simple addition; and, as he finds his strength being taken away, he goes into subtraction, and tests the rule of three, by calculating if he shakes as hard as this in one attack how much he will shake in three. By this time he gets into algebra, and finds out that a chill plus a fever, plus quinine, plus India Chologogue, plus Ayer's Antidote, plus boneset tea, plus enlargement of the spleen, plus the doctor's bill, is equal to ten fits. But the ague patient rises to still higher mathematics; and, during one of the attacks on the bed, describes with his body an equilateral polygon, and sits up, taking hold of his feet till he is turned into a hypothenuse, and gets his body so thoroughly mixed up and out of place that he proves that the rectangle contained by the diagonals of a quadrilateral inscribed in a circle is equivalent to the sum of the rectangles of the opposite sides; and winds up his mathematical exercises by *pons asinorum*, and a fever delirium, in which he sees Euclid dancing about with an Epicycloid around his neck, and a parallelo-piped on his back, and a whole class of college freshmen hanging on to his coat-tail.

THOSE who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

—Dr. Johnson.

THE NEW SLATE.

See my slate! I dot it new,
Cos I b'oke the other,
Put my 'tittle foot right froo,
Runnin' after mother.

I tan make you lots o' sings,
Fass as you tan tell 'em,
T's and B's and big O rings,
Only I tan't spell 'em.

I tan make a funny pig,
Wid a turly tail-y,
'tittle eyes and snout so big
Pokin' in a pail-y.

I tan make a elephant,
Wid his trunk a hangin';
An' a boy—who says I tan't?—
Wid his dun a bangin',

An' the smoke a tummin' out;
(Wid my t'umb I do it,
Rubbin' all the white about),
Sparks a-flyin' froo it.

I tan make a pretty house
Wid a tree behind it,
And a 'tittle mousy-mouse
Runnin' round to find it.

I tan put my hand out flat
On the slate, and draw it
(Ticklin' is the worst of that!)
Did you ever saw it?

I tan draw me runin' 'bout—
Mamma's 'tittle posset
(Slate so dusty, rubbin' out,
Dess oo'd better wass it).

Now, then, s'all I make a tree
Wid a birdie on it?
All my picturs you s'all see
If you'll wait a minute.

No, I dess I'll make a man
Juss like Uncle Rolly.
See it tummin', fass's it tan!
Bet my slate is jolly!

—Exchange.

AN enterprising colored man of Trenton, N. J., devised a petition to the common council of that city, asking for an enlargement of the school-house for colored children. It occurred to him that the signatures of certain white folks might be serviceable, and he applied for and obtained a large number. The petition commences, "We, the parents of the colored children!"

A PRECOCIOUS student of astronomy gave the following astonishing answer to the question, "What is the milky way?" "The milky way is a collection of white clouds in the sky, called the trade winds, or the aurora borealis."

ITEMS.

PARIS is tranquil.

GEN JOHN E. WOOL is very ill. He is eighty-six years of age.

THE duke of Genoa is not likely to be elected to the Spanish throne.

THE reduction of the public debt in October amounted to \$7,803,852.75.

THE price of gold in New York is gradually declining. It has been as low as 126½.

RICHARD GROSVENER, Marquis of Westminster one of the richest noblemen of the English peerage, is dead.

THE last rail of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, completing the line between Oswego and Norwich, was laid near Oswego on Monday last.

THE Argentine embassy pronounces minister McMahon's statement a base coinage. The allied forces are again in motion for an attack on Lopez at San Stanislaus.

THE New York Central and Hudson River railroads have consolidated under the name of the New

York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company; Cornelius Vanderbilt, President; Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Vice President.

GEORGE PEABODY, the philanthropist, died in London on the 4th inst., at the age of 74. His many acts of munificent generosity have endeared him alike to England and America, and the sadness caused by his death will be general.

THE Pacific Railroad Commissioners report that the condition of the roads will compare favorably with that of the majority of first-class roads of the country. At and about the summit of the Sierra Nevada the snow sometimes falls to the depth of 15 feet. To provide against trouble from this and from snow avalanches, in a distance of 40 miles snow-sheds and galleries to an aggregate length of 32 miles have been built, at a cost of \$1,731,000.

THE opening of the Suez canal is now formally announced for the 18th inst. The grand celebration connected with this event will begin on the 16th at Port Said, with the sailing for Ismailia of the fleet carrying the invited guests, press reporters, and delegates from boards of trade in different parts of the world. On the 18th the fleet will pass through the canal with appropriate ceremonies. The depth of water at the shallowest part is twenty feet. The Empress Eugenie has expressed her determination to go through the canal, and at last accounts from Alexandria had arrived at its terminus.

SPECIAL dispatches from Zanzibar to the New York Herald, by way of London, bring intelligence from Dr. Livingstone, dated August 8th, 1868. He was then in good health, and had spent the previous year in exploring the country south of Tanganyika Lake, which he found to contain many small springs or inner lake fountains, that he claims to be the true source of the river Nile. He requested that supplies, nautical instruments and almanacs for 1869—70 should be forwarded to him, thus apparently indicating an intention of remaining in the country some time longer. The dispatches are written on small scraps of paper which Dr. Livingstone begged from the Arabs, who conveyed the written documents to the coast for transmission to England.

A NATIONAL association has been organized in Washington, under the name of "The American Union Academy of Literature, Science and Art." The object of the association is similar to that of the French Academy, and as expressed in the constitution is to secure co-operation and concert of action in the advancement and diffusion of knowledge, to aid inquirers in any department of learning, and promote the elevation of taste throughout the country. The following departments are to be organized, and others may be added hereafter:

1. A department of Mathematics, Engineering and Mechanics.
2. Of Physics and Chemistry.
3. Of Physiology, Pathology and Hygiene.
4. Of Psychology, Ethics and Social Science.
5. Of Ethnology and Natural History.
6. Of Archæology, Geography and Civil History.
7. Of Philology and Literature.
8. Of Fine Arts, Architecture and Music.
9. Of Law and Polity.
10. Of Finance, Statistics and Political Economy.

Each of these departments will be under the supervision of a committee of three members who will examine, revise, and if approved, report for publication all papers in their several departments presented to the Academy. Meetings will be held once a month. At a meeting held on Monday evening, the 1st of November, the constitution and by-laws of the institution were finally adopted, and the organization consummated by the election of officers. Dr. John W. Draper of New York is President, and A. R. Spofford, librarian of Congressional Library, is Corresponding Secretary. The first annual meeting of the Academy will be held at Washington on the last Monday of January next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. A. C., Iowa.—Your remittance for the Borean is received.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 664 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Hare, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE.

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,

Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: The Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-house and Group, and Bag-bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished at 40 cents each. Views, *cart de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 35 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per doz.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail at \$1.75. The above works are for sale at this office.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions to the Circular and orders for our publications.